

How to Eat A Poem

Eve Merriam

Don't be polite.

Bite in.

Pick it up with your fingers and lick the juice that

may run down your chin.

It is ready and ripe now, whenever you are.

You do not need a knife or fork or spoon

or plate or napkin or tablecloth.

For there is no core

or stem

or rind

or pit

or seed

or skin

to throw away.

This Is Just to Say

William Carlos Williams

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

Two Hands

Anne Sexton

From the sea came a hand,
ignorant as a penny,
troubled with the salt of its mother,
mute with the silence of the fishes,
quick with the altars of its tides,
and God reached out of His mouth
and called it man.

Up came the other hand
and God called it woman.

The hands applauded.

And this was no sin.

It was as it was meant to be.

I see them roaming the streets:

Levi complaining about his mattress,

Sarah studying a beetle,

Mandrake holding his coffee mug,

Sally playing the drum at a football game,

John closing the eyes of the dying woman,

and some who are in prison,

even the prison of their bodies,

as Christ was prisoned in His body

until the triumph came.

Unwind, hands,
your angel webs,
unwind like the coil of a jumping jack,
cup together and let yourselves fill up with sun
and applaud, world,
applaud.